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Prithee tell me, gentle air,  
Why my heart is full of care,  
And why no pleasures charm me;  
It is not love torments me so,  
I scorn the wily urchin's bow,  
His arrows cannot harm me.

I try to sing—my voice is sad,  
I sleep—but then 'tis just as bad,  
Such gloomy things I dream on.  
Can you not tell? nor you? nor you?  
Oh then, I know not what to do  
To charm away the demon.

I sometimes think, if "*I know who*"  
Were here—he'd tell me what to do  
To bid the demon slumber;  
Could I but hear his voice again,  
I'm sure 'twould cheer my heart, but then—  
I'm not in love, remember.

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Quick arise, maiden mine,  
Make not thyself too fine,  
Let thine eyes brightly shine  
Like any star.

Tra la la, &c.

Quick arise, maiden dear,  
Blue is the sky and clear,  
Gouts o'er the mountains peer,  
See them afar.

Tra la la, &c.

Quick arise, maiden mine,  
Brighter than sunbeams shine,  
Sparkling with joy divine,  
Thy glances are.

Tra la la, &c.

## "MY MARY."

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M. ENDERSOHN.

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On the blue deep  
Silver beams sleep,  
My bark glides as swift as a bird o'er the sea,  
And in the calm light,  
So holy and bright,  
Mary, my Mary, I'm thinking of thee.

From our dear home  
Away on the foam,  
My visions as far as an angel's can be,  
And oft thy dear form,  
I see mid the storm,  
Mary, my Mary, while thinking of thee.

## "OH, TAKE ME TO THY HEART AGAIN."

Composed by

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Poetry by JESSICA RANKIN. Price 2s.

Oh, take me to thy heart again!  
I never more will grieve thee,  
All joys are fled, and hope is dead,  
If I indeed must leave thee.

Forgive the wild and angry words  
This wayward heart hath spoken,  
I did not dream those cherished chords,  
So lightly could be broken.

I think how very sad and lone  
This life would be without thee,  
For all thy joys this heart has known  
Are closely twined about thee.

Oh, teach me to subdue the pride  
That wounded thee so blindly,  
And be once more the gentle guide,  
Who smiled on me so kindly.

## "WEEDS AND FLOWERS."

Composed by

Dr. JAMES PECH.

Poetry by Mrs. ALFRED V. NEWTON. Price 2s. 6d.

One moonlight night  
An elfin sprite  
A slight adventure wanted,  
So his way he took  
To a shady brook  
Which he knew by Love was haunted.

And as he went,  
He shook his wings  
And from them fell in showers  
Bright coloured things of every hue,  
But some were weeds, some flowers.

A youth and maid  
The fairy said  
Oft roam this path together;  
Her face is bright  
With summer light,  
But his like winter weather.  
Her hand I know  
Will outstretched be  
To cull the flowers right gladly;  
But mingled weeds the youth will see,  
And turn him from them sadly  
Chasing away the maiden's glee,  
By whispering to her sadly.

The maid and youth  
Come there in sooth  
And marked the scattered treasure;  
The maid, in her hair,  
Wore a chaplet rare,  
But unshared was her guileless pleasure.  
On walked the youth  
With scornful tread,  
When a warning voice floated above them,  
Life, like the fairy-strewn path, it is said  
Hath flowers for all who cull them.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA &amp; AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 532.)

It was at least a fortnight before I could manage to get time enough to have a look at the surrounding country, or form any idea of the size of this great mining camp, for my days were taken up with interminable rehearsals, and my evenings and nights with the performance at the theatre, and the alteration or condensation of band-parts; but at length I did get a spare day, which I devoted to a good long wander, and was perfectly astonished at the wonderful extent of the place. The masses of huts and tents seemed perfectly incredible; and when we ascended Black Hill, where we got a good panoramic view, I can compare the sight to nothing more graphic than that fine passage in *Numbers*, in which Balaam the Prophet sells Balak the King, by blessing, instead of cursing, the hosts of Israel. As far as the eye can reach, and trending off into the numerous defiles and valleys, nothing can be seen but the white canvass of innumerable tents, diversified with gay flags of various nations, from the bi-crossed union-jack to the Chinese dragon (for these pig-eyed animals, the Chinese, infest this land in almost as great numbers as California), while the upturned earth, and the numerous whims as they are called (large barrels horizontally placed upon a vertical shaft, and turned by a horse), which puddle out the pay-dirt—that is, separate the gold from the clay—give evidence of the large amount of capital employed, and the enormous number of miners who are continually risking life and limb in their search for gold. And when the reader considers that most of the shafts are over a hundred feet deep, and that Ballarat is only one of many camps equally large, he can form some idea, by looking at the official returns of the amount of gold received, of how very small is the individual profit to each worker so engaged.

The business portion of Ballarat is as great a Babel as a fashionable watering-place in the season, which I think gives the best idea of an auricular pandemonium that can be conceived, with, on an average, three street bands and five pianofortes continually playing together; for at Ballarat every public-house had in it either a barrel organ, or two or three Dutch girls pumping accordions and pounding tambourines, while ever and anon they accompanied these instruments of torture with their most "sweet voices," until I wished that the "Bold Privateer" was swinging at his own yard arm, and "Poor dog Tray" converted into his ultimate destination, *sauvages*. But at last, much to my delight, we left the Paradise of Pot Houses, and returned to Geelong were *en-route* for Melbourne, thence taking steamer for Adelaide, the capital of South Australia. The city of Adelaide lies about five miles inland from the port, and is supposed to be built upon an imaginary river, the Torrens, which was originally depicted in the lithographic views that were printed with the view of inducing capitalists to invest their spare cash in the land speculations of the colony, as a "bright and flowing river." It contained about enough water to rinse a moderate-sized tea cup when I went to its banks one morning in the vain hope of getting a swim. This want of navigable rivers is much felt in the four continental colonies—I mean New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, and Swan River. The colonists must perforce make railroads to supply the deficiency, although some grave philosophers rather scout the idea of building railroads until cities are erected in the interior; about as sensible a plan as that of the Irish architect who built his house and omitted the staircase.

The society in Adelaide is decidedly the most refined in the colonies, for the curse of convictism has never been forced upon them, nor has the lust of gold, with its gambling influences, affected the somewhat staid demeanour of its inhabitants. This valuable portion of these colonies contains immense hoards of copper, and the Barra-Barra mines are celebrated the world over. Silver is also found in considerable quantities. Added to these natural advantages, agriculture is carried on upon rational and scientific principles. Fruits of every description, including the delicious almond, are in great plenty. When the projected railroad to the river

Murray (the only large stream in the colonies) is finished, thereby avoiding the difficult navigation at the mouth of that river, there can be no doubt that Adelaide will take a high position among the Australian cities; at the present time it is one of the pleasantest places in the colonies, and I shall often remember the kindness and hospitality of its inhabitants with grateful feelings.

A public spirited gentleman, Mr. White, has erected a beautiful concert-room, holding eight hundred people seated comfortably. It is admirably adapted for sound, and fitted up with great elegance. Here we gave concerts for six weeks, four concerts a week, with very great and flattering success: the audiences were of the most *recherché* and appreciative description, the Governor, Sir Richard O'Donnell and his lovely wife, being our constant patrons; and as our party was small, consisting of Madame Bishop, Mr. Giede, a very charming flutist, and myself, the profits must have been considerable. We also visited Gawler-town, a most abominable place, with a perpetual Egyptian plague of flies infesting it. I have often been well phlebotomised by mosquitoes, tickled to death by fleas, and driven to desperation by barrel-organs, none of which abominations can compare with the hideous nuisance of those detestable insects; they even accompanied us back to Adelaide in swarms, until a hard shower of rain relieved us from their hospitable services, and wetted us to the skin. I was really sorry to leave this pleasant place (I don't mean Gawler-town, but Adelaide), although we had a specimen of a hot wind that was the most fearfully oppressive thing that can be imagined. I awoke one morning with a sense of suffocation, and rushed to the window for a breath of fresh air, but it was just like the blast from a hot furnace. During the whole day the streets were deserted, and I scarcely moved from the bed the whole day, but just lied and grunted. The fearful temperature continued till evening, when in an instant the wind chopped round to the opposite quarter, and in ten minutes the thermometer fell thirty-six degrees. This sudden change creates a perfect whirlwind, and those who are unfortunate enough to be caught out can do nothing but cover their eyes, and wait the cessation of the rush of cold wind, which freezes you to the very marrow. Poor Mr. Giede was caught in it, and came into the hotel looking like a miller, so thoroughly powdered was he with the whirls of dust. This is a slight specimen of the hot winds, and will give intending emigrants some idea of the trying climate, especially when they blow, as is often the case, for days together.

Our next place of visit was to the Portland, a small but thriving place about half-way between Adelaide and Melbourne. This town, and most of the surrounding country has been peopled by the best agricultural emigrants in the world, I mean the Scotch, who worthily sustain their character abroad both for thrift and hospitality. The Bay was formerly a great place of resort for whales, of which the evidences can still be seen in the numerous white rib bones which are strewn upon the surrounding beach, and the vertebrae which are used as garden stools by the inhabitants. Several large vessels annually load with wool, and although the place seems dull, there is a thriving business done there, and its inhabitants have been spared the over-trading propensities of their neighbours.

We gave five concerts here with great success, and afterwards crossed the bay to Belfast, or Port Fairy as it is termed, a miserable dead-alive hole on a sand bank. From its name the reader can form some idea of the birth place of the original settlers, which will fully account for the decadence and ruin you see around.

From this place we went by coach to Warnambool through a most charming country, passing the Lakes of Killarney, a lovely bit of mountain and lake scenery which, with a loving reminiscence of home, the emigrants (mostly Irish) have so christened.

To use an American expression, Warnambool is the "jumping off place," a perfect abode of dulness and dummy-ness; and in this hole or cave of Trephoniuss we were imprisoned for over a week, waiting for a steamer to relieve us, like a lot of melancholy Andromedas waiting for a Perseus to deliver us from the



thralldom of a dragon in the shape of a Yorkshire landlord, one of the jolliest old hogs I ever met with. And now fancy a Christmas day spent here, such a Christmas, with a hot wind blowing, the thermometer at a hundred and ten, and a regular old fashioned English Christmas dinner laid out; a baron of beef, turkeys, fowls, hot mince pies, and plum pudding, washed down with copious libations of fine old crusted port of real British manufacture (brandy and all), and sparkling Moselle, and champagne without ice, several degrees above fever heat. I stood it like a salamander until the plum pudding entered, blazing with flames of Jamaica rum. This was too much for Satan himself to bear, and I rushed from the banquet, and bolted myself into my room, from which our amiable host swore he would unearth me. Happily, for me, the port wine he had imbibed had its effect, and he was put to bed in a state of incipient apoplexy.

This elegant individual had invited a large number of the neighbouring inhabitants to a Grand Christmas Ball upon the following night, but as he had cleverly omitted to engage any musicians, and not even a fiddler could be got for love or money, the only excuse Caliban made was, "Oh, dom them, let 'em goa bock agen," and he then amused himself by getting extremely drunk and going to bed glorious. At length relief came, and we were rescued from the clutches of this devil incarnate, and arrived back in Melbourne, strange to say, without gastric fever, which I fully expected to have had a touch of. We stopped a few days in Melbourne to recruit, and then took steamer to cross Bass's Straits for a tour in Van Dieman's Land, or, as it is now more euphoniously termed, Tasmania. This charming island was for some time after the discovery and settlement of New South Wales supposed to be the extreme southern part of the great island-continent of New Holland, until the discovery of the intervening strait by an enterprising lieutenant, who in a whale-boat was the first to prove Captain Cook's old maps incorrect, and like that great navigator, who gave his name to the watery passage that divides the northern portion of the great continent from the opposite coast of Timor, he has immortalised himself by the daring act.

Our destination was to be Launceston, which lies at the head of the beautiful River Tamar. The sail up this fine stream was perfectly enchanting, being a continuous succession of panoramas of mountain, vale, and cultivated land, dotted here and there with snug farm-houses and suburban villas, and with an atmosphere and temperature strongly resembling the mild and healthy coast of Devonshire in the summer time; and at Launceston I had the pleasure of meeting with Mr. Leffler, a brother of the late Adam Leffler. This gentleman is one of the first professors in the thriving city of Launceston, and his presence seemed to link me nearer home than I had been for many a long year.

(To be continued.)

ACQUISITION OF AN EARTH BY ROSSINI.—Upon the proposition of M. Haussman, senator and prefect of the Seine, and in accordance with the report of M. Alphand, engineer-in-chief of the Bois de Boulogne, the Municipal Council of Paris have unanimously agreed to the concession made to Rossini by the city of Paris, of a plot of wooded ground, situated close to the Grille de Passy in the Bois de Boulogne—adjoining the Boulevard Beauséjour, including views of Auteuil, Meudon, and Bellevue. The price offered by the illustrious composer—who at the same time declared he had no intention of turning his earth to speculation, but meant to fix his summer residence there—was accepted without a division. The price offered and accepted, it may be stated, was far from inconsiderable. The new earth, by its size and situation, is worthy the illustrious guest the Bois de Boulogne is about to receive. We may add that the city of Paris was disposed to make the rent-charge for life purely nominal; but Rossini would not listen to this. "I should not fancy myself at home," he replied; "and moreover I am not sufficiently rich nor sufficiently poor to accept such a gift."

## THE "ENTERTAINMENTS."

(From the *Saturday Review*.)

To a Frenchman who surveys London life there is nothing more puzzling than the strong and permanent predilection of the respectable classes for that species of amusement to which, for want of a definite term, the word "Entertainment" in a restricted sense is applied. Why should people go night after night to hear one gentleman talk and sing, or a gentleman and lady sing and talk, when they have the opportunity of visiting theatres, where an interesting story is represented in action by a company of artists, with all the expedients of scenery, costume, and grouping to heighten the illusion? Histrionic art may not, indeed, be in a very flourishing condition; but an indifferent troop of actors can produce an excitement far beyond that which is caused by the pert song or flippant anecdote of the most accomplished monologist, who, proficient as he may be in the delineation of character, can at best only present a series of isolated personages connected by no plot, and developed by no incident. The most dramatic "Entertainment" is as far below the real drama as a collection of photographs in separate frames is below a grand historical picture.

If the taste for "Entertainments" were a mere passing caprice it might be accounted for like freaks in general. As now and then, in the course of the summer, people will prefer an uncomfortable pic-nic on the damp grass to an excellent dinner placed on a convenient table, so may we conceive a transient fancy to see one actor do the work of five or six. Four strings are as proper to a fiddle as two to a bow, but nevertheless, Paganini's one string was attractive in its day. The "at home" of the late Mr. Mathews only took place once a-year, and lasted but for a few weeks. Of the modern "Entertainment," on the other hand, permanence seems to be an essential attribute. While the nights occupied by the "run" of a successful drama are enumerated by units, the "Entertainer" counts his performances by hundreds. Plays are brought out, withdrawn, and forgotten; managerial dynasties succeed each other at various theatres; but the entertainment, save in a few details, remains unchanged and unchangeable—a practical refutation of the belief that popular favour is necessarily unstable.

If we set aside Mr. Albert Smith's "Ascent of Mont Blanc," as being rather a descriptive lecture, humorously illustrated by song and anecdote, and pictorially illustrated by Mr. W. Beverley's pencil, than as an "Entertainment" strictly so called, we cannot avoid the conviction that all the "Entertainers" who have distinguished themselves in London for the last season or two would have been much more worthily occupied as actors at regular theatrical establishments than as mimics in "halls" and "galleries." There is fine high-comedy finish in Mrs. Reed's impersonations; but why have the finish without the comedy? Why should a decided talent prove attractive in proportion to the flimsiness of the material on which it is employed? Let it not be supposed that we are censuring Mrs. Reed, or any other proficient in the "entertaining" art. The lady in question is remarkable for a combination of the most varied natural gifts with the most varied accomplishments, and while "Entertainment" is in vogue, her "Popular Illustrations" are entitled to occupy the highest rank among popular amusements. But we cannot help regarding the great importance attached to this peculiar form of recreation, and the comparatively small importance attached to the drama, as the indication of a growing love for frivolity in the matter of amusement scarcely to be matched in any age. The "Entertainment" appeals to no sympathy; it exhibits no social collision; it stereotypes every character; it overlooks all that is serious and important in humanity; it has a sneer for everything that is sublime; it exalts everything that is trifling. It is not only of the earth earthy, but its earthiness wears the most unpoetical aspect. The rage for "Entertainments" belongs, in short, to that worship of petty reality which seems to stand between the young of the present day and everything like a lofty aspiration.

Strange to say, the ringleaders in the adoration of frivolity—the high-priests in the service of the puny Baal—are the Puritans. There is not one rational objection to the drama that is not

applicable with even greater force to the "Entertainment." If the assumption of character be sinful, surely Mr. Woodin, who becomes twenty personages in five minutes, must be in a frightful state of reprobation. If the adoption of female habiliments by the male, and *vice versa*, be an abomination, then are the generality of entertainments infinitely more abominable than the generality of plays, and poor Mr. Woodin, when he puts on flaxen ringlets and a lady's ball-dress, is proved, on a second count, to be the worst of delinquents. As for the vague charge of worldliness which is often brought against the stage, the atmosphere of the higher drama is a purely spiritual region compared with the crass, earth-exhaled fog that belongs to the "Entertainment." But the mass of men are governed by words, not principles; and as Archbishop Saucroft would not have scrupled to deprive James II. of his royal power, provided he could have allowed him to retain the name of "King," so the modern Puritan patronizes the "Entertainment" because it does not bear the name of "play."

PEL FAUSTO GIORNO ONOMASTICO

DI

ENRICO TAMBERLICK.

BRINDISI.

O divo Apollo immergimi	Tu suoli ognora stendere
Nella Castalia fonte ;	La soccorrevol mano,
Oppure il genio ispirami	Al supplicante misero
Del greco Anacreonte :	Col più profondo arcano ;
Afin che giunga a tesserti	Ma invano il Sole celasi
Con pompa e con onor,	D' oscura nube in sen,
Di sempre verde Allor	Che ad onta sua convien
Una corona :	Che il giorno schiari.
E in bei color dipingere	Così tuo cor magnanimo
Tuoi fasti e le vittorie,	Restar non puote occulto :
E come il crin ti cinsero	Ognun Te pregia e venera,
Di ben meritate glorie ;	E in ogni petto hai culto.
Chè in ambo i mondi l' estasi	Da mille al par d' un' angelo
Sapesti ridestar,	T' intesi benedir,
Col vivido cantar	E terra e cielo empir
Che al cielo sprona.	Di voti cari.
Ben fia il contar più facile	Di augurii e voti fervidi
Del Pelago l' arena,	I' pur l' Olimpo assordo :
Che un cenno far dè plausi	Mi fosti ognor benefico,
Che avesti in sulla scena.	Ed io giammai ti scordo.
La Fama in tuon di giubilo	Già sculti son nell' anima
Intendere farà,	I don che festi a me,
Alle più tarde età	Chè di premiar qual Re
Tuo illustre Nome.	E tua delizia.
D' unque s' opponga un' argine	Or s' empia i vitrii calici
All' inesusta brama,	Del vin che più ci adessa,
Chè i tuoi sublimi meriti	E a Tua salute libisi,
Già proclamò la Fama :	Di AUGUSTA e di FRANCESCA—
Il cor tuo grande e nobile	Se mai desii conoscere
Almen vorrei cantar...	Chi il canto mi dettò,
Ma come potrò far	Con gioja ti dirò :
Mie brame dome ?	Fu l' Amicizia.

In segno di affettuosa stima,

Londra, il 15 Luglio, 1858.

LORENZO MONTERASI.

JERSEY.—A concert was given in the Queen's Assembly Rooms on Friday week for the benefit of a talented musical professor, incapacitated by severe illness from following his profession. The rooms were, we glad to say, crowded. The vocalists were Mrs. Lockey, Mrs. Alfred Gilbert, Miss Millman, Miss Horton, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Le Riche, and Mr. Stevens; and the instrumentalists, Mrs. Wade, Mr. de Vos, Mr. Lott, and Mr. E. Stevens.

GRANTHAM.—On Monday evening, August 16th, a concert was given here, by the Vocal Music Class, in connection with the Northumberland and Durham Association, for the promotion of church music, under the management of Mr. W. H. Bliss, the Director of the Association. The programme consisted of part-songs, glees, and songs. The principal vocalists were the Messrs. Bliss and Mr. Berry. The concert was so successful as to lead to a hope that this would be the first of a series.

PICCOLOMINI AND GIUGLINI,

OR,  
LUCIA AND EDGARDO,  
A HUMOROUS ROMANCE.

(From *The Illustrated Times*.)

GIUGLINI's Edgardo is one of his best parts in a musical sense, but he scarcely acts it better than that of Gennaro, and from a histrionic point of view Giuglini's Gennaro is the worst but one we ever saw. The tameness of the Edgardo is rendered more apparent by the unnatural vivacity of Mdle. Piccolomini as Lucia. Mdle. Piccolomini is even more unlike the gentle, sentimental, melancholy heroine of Sir Walter Scott than to any other character in her too-numerous *répertoire*. This "fascinating" young lady, as it is still to some extent the fashion to style her, seldom seems to understand the part she is playing. But there is certainly this to be said in her favour, that if she were to attempt to make herself like Lucia, she *might* fail; whereas, by adopting the easy method of making Lucia exactly like Mdle. Piccolomini, she is sure to succeed. This system of bringing the mountain to Mahomet instead of taking Mahomet to the mountain, is also observable in Mdle. Piccolomini's execution of the music of Lucia, and, indeed, in that of nearly all the music she sings. In the air of the third act, some of the passages are too difficult for the vocalist. She does not omit the air, but she sings the air so slowly that half the difficulty of the difficult passages disappears. It is true that the music loses somewhat of its effect, but that is the affair of the late Donizetti, and not of the singer.

However, taking Mdle. Piccolomini's performance altogether, we think we may say that it exhibits some improvement since last season. Her acting is somewhat toned down, and the objectionable features are not quite so salient as formerly. Miss Ashton had certainly no right to be so affectionate as she was wont to be (under the auspices of Mdle. Piccolomini) in the scene with her lover at the end of the first act. When young ladies of Miss Ashton's position in society, and above all of her temperament, allow themselves a lover at all, they, at least, do not give way to their feelings, and throw themselves round his neck as Mdle. Piccolomini was, and to a certain extent is now in the habit of doing. Sig. Giuglini, who is a lover of much propriety, feels the awkwardness of his position, and evidently endeavours by his very commendable coldness to keep the young lady at a distance, but unfortunately without success.

Mdle. Piccolomini is seen to most advantage in the scene with her brother and in the finale to the second act. This finale, the most dramatic piece of music Donizetti ever wrote, is far better executed than last year, and Mdle. Piccolomini still acts with energy and feeling. It is, of course, on the side of energy that she errs, indeed it may be said (in the Hibernian style) that energy is her weak point. She sings with energy, acts with energy, above all sobs and runs about with energy, and if she has to fall, even falls with energy. When Edgardo, pointing to her signature, asks whether that writing is hers, and afterwards dismisses her with a gesture of contempt, she goes over like a nine-pin, as if her lover had actually knocked her down. Now, to knock a young lady down merely for infidelity, and that "with extenuating circumstances," is the sort of thing Signor Giuglini, as Edgardo, would never think of doing. In fact, he gives her the slightest possible push, and Lucia, by instantly falling, gives it all the semblance of a violent blow. Thus she does her best to destroy the sympathy which the audience ought naturally to feel for the lover, who by his apparent brutality forfeits all claim to pity. In the mad scene, Mdle. Piccolomini does not exhibit melancholy madness, but some fantastic kind of lunacy, which is doubtless very sad but not particularly touching.

In the last scene, Giuglini sings to perfection. Indeed his vocalisation is so admirable throughout, that it appears almost ungrateful to find fault with his performance at all. But there is one point in Sig. Giuglini's version of the dying scene which struck us as very novel, and to which we cannot help calling attention. After plunging the dagger into his breast, he sings the second verse of the final air considerably louder than the first, as if the steel had some how or other strengthened him. Of

course, if Donizetti could have foreseen this interpretation of the scene, he would not have thought it necessary to give the melody of the second verse to the violoncello. But he had reckoned without his Giuglini.

#### TO SIMS REEVES, ESQ.

Oh! never knew I music's power,  
Tho' she my dearest choice,  
Until the transport of that hour  
When first I heard thy voice.  
Thy voice, whose pure and liquid notes  
Seem scarce to be of earth;  
Whose tone, as rich and free it floats,  
To feelings new gives birth.  
Thy voice, whose soul-pervading strain,  
When silent, haunts me still,  
Whose very charm is almost pain,  
So deep th' ecstatic thrill.  
Thy voice, which glad the ear receives  
And each breath would detain,  
Which past, a yearning wish still leaves  
To drink its sound again.  
Thy voice, which all emotion quells,  
Save that itself creates,  
Makes pain unfelt, and care dispels,  
And sorrow dissipates.  
Thy voice, whose varied powers compete,  
Each with each to excel,  
Where soul, and skill, and genius meet,  
In one resistless spell.  
Thy voice, which to the simplest air  
Such touching beauty lends,  
That music's sweetest charm breathes there,  
And prouder art transcends.  
Thy voice, which to the loftiest theme  
A loftier tone imparts;  
And raised in sacred strain would seem  
Inspired to win all hearts.  
Thy voice, which such deep impress makes  
Where e'er its accents soar;  
That every lay its breath awakes  
Seems *thine*—for evermore.  
Thy voice, a precious gift of Heaven,  
A boon for earth to prize;  
And deem such power to thee was given  
To teach Heaven's melodies.  
Would that earth's choicest gifts were mine,  
How bright should be thy fate!  
Honour, as fame, should thee enshrine,  
And all good on thee wait.  
And yet, methinks, but vain the prayer,  
The wish itself deceives;  
What greater honour could'st thou share?  
Thou art thyself—SIMS REEVES.

S. E. M.

ZAMPA.—"Hérolde's *Zampa*," says a Belgian leaf, "though mounted with luxury and extreme care, did not obtain a decided success at the Royal Italian Opera. The overture alone, says the *Musical World*, was hotly applauded, then repeated; the public remained cold to the other morsels. The English journal even hazards the word *fiasco*. This would be incredible if it passed anywhere else than in England."—*Vive la bière de Louvain!*—*Vive l'hôtel d'Ostende!*

A NEW USE FOR POETRY.—Mr. Howard Paul, of "Patchwork" celebrity, by way of a delicate hint to railway porters, has caused to be painted on the top of each of his travelling trunks, thus—

"Take it up tenderly,  
Lift it with care."—*Hood*.

#### CHOPIN A POET AND A POLE.

(From the *New York Musical Review*.)

We do not think that there are many instances in the history of any art, where an author of decided talent, and even genius, leaves no trace of his style but that which is to be found in his own works. In the musical world, it is Frederic Chopin who furnishes one of these very rare instances. Although he has ploughed a new path in the field of musical literature, as applied to the pianoforte; although he has produced a series of compositions which contain all the elements for the foundation of a new school, yet no such school has ever been formed. There have been a few attempts to imitate his style, but of these attempts nothing is left, and in our days nobody would think of composing as did Chopin, although the character and the treatment of his works are just as modern as they were twenty years ago. We have had successful Beethovenites, Schumannites, Mendelssohnites, &c., but we have not one disciple of Chopin who can lay claim to distinction. And yet this very man was a teacher almost all his life. A score of amateurs and artists whom he taught are still living, but the musical world at large knows little or nothing of them.

And why? Because that which formed the originality of Chopin was such a mixture of rare gifts, circumstances, and especially nationality, that a reproduction will still depend upon the fate of the latter, even if all the former conditions should be complied with. Moreover, Chopin's art was based entirely upon his individuality; it was his own art; tradition and school had very little to do with it. His melodies were his own, and his harmonising them was certainly such as it would be difficult to find again in the works of any other master. But perhaps it is with regard to Chopin more incorrect than in reference to any other modern composer of distinction, to speak separately of his melody and his harmony. Both are with him one and the same thing; they emanated at the same moment from his inspired soul; and to play them separately would produce, in a great many instances, nothing but a mass of unmeaning, mostly discordant sounds. The proof of this latter opinion may be found in the fact that generally his compositions are only a weak echo of his more perfect improvisations. Those who heard his earliest efforts in this respect tell us that it was impossible to detect anything in them which, with regard to ideas and treatment, reminded in any way whatever of the pianoforte music which preceded his.

If we come now to analyse, as far as is possible, the character of his music, we must first recognise the tone of Polish nationality which prevails in every one of his compositions. Chopin was before all things a Pole; and although he lived the greater part of his life away from his fatherland, yet he constantly kept up his relations with it. All his distinguished countrymen were heartily received by him at Paris, where he lived more than twenty-five years. They often brought him new songs and poems which he set to music, and which thus were sent back to Poland, and quickly became generally known and loved, while for a long time the composer's name remained unknown. His friend and pupil, Mr. Fontana, however, has at last succeeded in gathering them, and is going to publish them as the second part of his posthumous works. These melodies will be in so far highly interesting as they are the only vocal music known to come from his pen. The Polish character of his music is, however, to be looked for not only in those of his compositions which belong to the nation of themselves, such as mazourkas, Polonaises, &c., but also in his concertos, sonatas, in short, in every one of his inspirations. It is that mourning, that doleful resignation, suddenly bursting forth into a momentary wild passion; that constant melancholy; that smiling amid tears; that constant hoping and trusting for a change, which characterises the nation as well as the music of Chopin. When a Pole heard the beautiful adagio of his sonata, known under the name of *Funeral March*, and published in a separate form, he exclaimed: "Only a Pole could have written that!" And he was right; only a Pole could have mourned like that; could have given himself up to such dark, gloomy views as are expressed in the first and last part of the march, relieved by the beautiful beam of hope and resignation in the middle. But let us add, at the same time: "Only a poet could have found such sounds of sadness, love, and resignation." Chopin was not only a Pole, but also a lyrical poet, full of imagination and the loftiest aspirations. His muse was not the epic, as revealed by Beethoven in his sonatas, but the ballad, the tale of the heart, with all its varied emotions of love and sorrow. His powers were not sufficient for a concerto or sonata, (as can be easily ascertained by looking at those of his compositions which he has published under these titles;) but he not only had the finest appreciation of form for the smaller poems, such as mazourkas, Polonaises, ballads, etc., but he knew also how to fill them with the loftiest ideas, and to treat them accordingly. The greatest delicacy of touch, the greatest



refinement, reign throughout. Nothing is common or careless; you feel that the author shrunk from anything which was not thoroughly noble and refined. He was like the "Sensitive Plant," which Shelley has immortalized; and what the English poet did for his favourite plant, Chopin's music did for himself.

Like all modern composers, Chopin could not make large steps; but the small ones he did make had the charm of poetry and novelty. His breathing was short in music as well as physically; for, for more than twenty years he was a victim to consumption. No doubt this dreadful disease had a great influence upon the development of his talent, although, perhaps, the reflex of this constant struggle with life in his music formed, and forms still, for a great many, its greatest attraction. Especially do women seem attracted by the wand of his muse—women of refined feeling, education, and social standing. No doubt that these women are his greatest admirers and his best pupils. A Countess in Paris plays his music better than we ever heard it rendered by any other professional or non-professional performer, not even Liszt excepted. It seems that it requires the fine and insinuating feeling of a refined and intelligent woman, to enter into all the secretaries of this wonderful talent, just as it requires her physical strength to play this music effectively, perhaps a few of his Polonaises excepted. Chopin himself, for instance, was too weak to play on an Erard piano; his usual companion was one of Pleyel's semi-grands. And he was also too weak to perform often in public. Few eminent pianists have in the course of thirty years performed so little in public as he did. Besides, there was something in this show and exhibition of himself before a crowd which did not correspond with the delicate feelings of his nature. His place was in the saloon of a high-born and bred lady, or in the boudoir of the artist, surrounded by all the luxuries which riches and taste could produce, by poets and artists themselves, where his art would shine most advantageously. Here, for instance, the flourishes of his compositions, which were more breathed than played by him, corresponded with the exterior elements by which he was surrounded; here he felt himself in his true element. And here alone was the effect of his wonderful touch, his masterly playing, inimitable, and never to be forgotten.

Frederick Chopin was born in 1809, at Warsaw, and not in 1810, as all his biographers (even Liszt) have it. He had a very good education, owing to the patronage of Prince Anton Radziwill, the well-known composer to Goethe's *Faust*. His musical education was confided first to Mr. Zywny, the only teacher on the pianoforte he ever had. Later he received lessons in harmony at the Conservatory in Warsaw, under the directorship of Joseph Elsner. No doubt a good musical foundation was here laid in him. As to the development of his talent as a pianist, and even as a composer, every step obtained was entirely his own work. After having given a few concerts at Vienna prolonged by the events of the revolution in Warsaw, in 1830, which prevented his return to that city, he came to Paris, where his originality created a very deep sensation. In Paris, however, he soon retired from the public gaze, and confided himself to the circle of a few friends and pupils, who, although entirely belonging to the highest classes, had mostly to go to his apartments to receive tuition. Cared for by the deep attachment of eminent persons, amongst others by that of Mad. Dudevant (Georges Sand), he was comparatively happy until the dreadful disease from which he suffered reduced him more and more to a state of invalidity. In the opening of the spring of 1847, he grew worse from day to day, and the certainty of a speedy end was anxiously felt by those around him. In spite of this state of exhaustion, he spoke of complying with the wishes of a great many amateurs in London, to go there and give concerts. Although his intent was artfully delayed by his friends, yet in the winter of 1847-48, he really went over to England, and played in public comparatively oftener than he had ever done before in the course of his life. The result was to be foreseen. When he returned to Paris he was dying. All ideas of playing and teaching had to be abandoned. Yet he lingered in this state almost a full year. It was on October the 17th, 1849, that he died, in the arms of his friend and pupil, Mr. Gutmann.

Chopin died a meteor on the zenith of the world of art, just as his own countrymen vanished from the world of nations. As long as there is no hope for the regeneration of the latter, there will be no hope for the reappearance of a genius like Frederick Chopin.

#### A PILULE FOR SIGNOR ALARY.

\*\*\* "Plus d'Opéra Italien: la saison est définitivement close pour cette année. Au théâtre de Covent Garden, grand scandale: le *Don Giovanni* de Mozart, ressemblé, comme l'on ferait d'une vieille savate, par M. Alary, n'a contenté ni le public ni les artistes."—*Guide Musical*.

#### A PILLOLA FOR SIGNOR ALARY.

"LONDRA.—*T. Covent Garden*.—Il più sublime fra tutti gli spartiti, la miniera onde tanti illustri hanno tolto e oro e gemme preziose, il *Don Giovanni* di Mozart, venne rappresentato in questo teatro. Ma come!—accomodato, o meglio deturpato dalla sacrilega mano del M.<sup>o</sup> Alary. E chi è questo maestro Alary? non sa egli che per mettere le mani sulle opere altrui, bisogna esser superiore? Anche al *Messia* di Handel fu posto le mani sopra da un maestro; ma questo maestro si chiamava Mozart. Che diremo ancora quando pensiamo che il maestro Alary per la sua profanazione ebbe più di tre volte la somma che a Mozart fruttò la sua opera? Le opere dei grandi ingegni o si lasciano dormire negli scaffali, o si danno senza alterazione veruna. Non occorre dire che questo povero *Don Giovanni* venne malissimo accolto dagli intelligenti."—*L'Armonia di Firenze*—*Giornale non politico*.

#### L'ARMONIA

(Giornale non politico).

#### "AL MUSICAL WORLD"

IL Sig. d'Engelure, costretto dalla forza dei fatti, riconosce d'aver posto falsamente il suo nome sotto un articolo che non gli apparteneva; ma egli tenta giustificare quest'atto, in nessun caso giustificabile, con delle false asserzioni gettate là senza un'ombra di prova e di verosimiglianza.

Ci maravigliamo per altro della onorevole Direzione del Musical World, la quale non ha saputo dire del Sig. d'Engelure se non che al più egli è stato leggero ("has been perfunctory"). "LA DIREZIONE."

M. Durillon d'Engelure, with a degree of urbanity somewhat foreign to his nature—which is uncompromising—has already unburdened himself of an explanation. What more does our non (im) politic (al) contemporary on the edge of the Arno demand? If a *rise*, M. d'Engelure will doubtless refer the matter to his friend Sig. Cipollani. We advise "La Direzione" of *L'Armonia* to direct its attention to something less inharmonious. The duelling world bears still in remembrance the encounter between M. Durillon d'Engelure and Sir Hugh Pearce Summerbottom, who only forestalled decumbiture by defection. *L'Armonia* has received the *amende honorable*, and in our humble opinion should rest satisfied. If not, however, "La Direzione" had better at once instruct some person to communicate with Sig. Cipollani. Sig. d'Engelure is absolutely indisposed to offer any further excuses.—Ed. M. W.]

THE PICCOLOMINI FEVER IN DUBLIN.—After the opera of *Lucia*, on Saturday night last, a large crowd collected at the Theatre Royal stage entrance, when Mdlle. Piccolomini's carriage was waiting to convey her to the Gresham Hotel. On her issuing from the stage door and entering her carriage, the cheering of the assemblage became most vehement and enthusiastic. The fair *prima donna* smilingly acknowledged the compliment paid her. But she was hardly seated in the vehicle, when the horses became unyoked from the pole in a twinkling; one hundred young gentlemen collected round the carriage and drew it at a rapid rate to the Gresham Hotel, followed by an immense crowd, cheering heartily all the way. On the carriage being drawn up to the hotel door Mdlle. Piccolomini alighted, amid a dense throng of enthusiastic admirers, and renewed her expression of thanks for this manifestation of popular regard. She retired within the hotel; but then the cheering recommenced with redoubled vigour, by way of conveying the general desire that the much-admired *cantatrice* should present herself at the window. She at length came forth upon the balcony in front of one of the drawing-rooms of the hotel. Lights had to be held at each side of her, to assure the crowd of her identity. The huzzaing, shouting, waving of hats, &c., became immense. Again and again the fair *cantatrice* had to gratify her worshippers by coming forth and bowing. She was led forth by Signor Giuglini, and had to remain for several minutes, while the vast breadth of Sackville-street echoed with cheers and vivas. Such a decided manifestation of public admiration and regard we do not remember to have seen conferred on any of the eminent actresses and prima donnas who have visited Dublin.—*Freeman's Journal*, Monday, Aug. 23.

Last Five Nights of the Present Season, which will conclude on Friday next, 3rd September.

### ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

**MONDAY, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday,** will be presented Shakspeare's play of **THE MERCHANT OF VENICE**. Shylock, by Mr. C. Kean; Portia, by Mrs. C. Kean. Preceded by the farce of **LIVING TOO FAST**.

### GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Mr. James Anderson's farewell engagements in England, previously to his departure for Australia, takes place at this most favoured and favourite theatre. This Tragedian of high celebrity commences his terminating career this week, and will go through his entire range of characters. On Monday and Thursday, to commence with **INGOMAR**: Ingomar, Mr. James Anderson; Parthenia, Miss Elsworth. On Tuesday and Friday, **THE LADY OF LYONS**. On Wednesday, **MACBETH**.

Notice.—Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves will pay their annual visit in September, supported by first-rate musical talent.

**THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.**—Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyno and Mr. W. Harrison.—The Public are respectfully informed that the **FRYE AND HARRISON ENGLISH OPERA SEASON** will commence on Monday, September 13th. Particulars in future advertisements.

#### BIRTH.

On Friday, the 20th inst., at her residence, 2, Kildare-terrace, Westbourne-park, Bayswater, the lady of Desmond Ryan, Esq., of a daughter.

#### DEATHS.

On Tuesday last, at Birmingham, Francis Edward Bache, aged 25.  
On Sunday, the 22nd instant, at his residence, 14, Upper Gower-street, John Pitt Harley, in the 69th year of his age.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. C., Plymouth.—It is impossible for us to undertake returning MSS. left at our office. We have repeatedly given notice to this effect in the Musical World.

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28TH, 1858.

THE artistic prospects of the current year, taking all things into consideration, are encouraging. Good music has been in the ascendant at the various London concerts during the season just past, and the predilection for mere miscellaneous entertainments has, we are pleased to pronounce, sensibly declined. The classic masters have carried all before them at *matinées, soirées, re-unions*, and "recitals." Benefit concerts alone have indicated a leaning towards the mixed popular—which, being interpreted, means "vulgar hodge-podge." A purer and healthier taste was decidedly manifesting itself, and the frequent performance of sacred works, away from the temple assigned to the holy Muse, and apart from the regular season, was an additional sign of great significance. Even at the Italian Operas the Verdi star was beginning to pale before the milder lights of Mozart, Rossini, and Auber, and the *prestige* for the "tear-my-hair" school to grow somewhat faint, despite the more frequent and energetic kicks and shrieks of the hospodars of the boxes, and the mandarins of the stalls. We need not allude specifically to the third Italian opera at Drury Lane Theatre, hatched and ushered into vitality by that most uncompromising, enterprising, indomitable, speculative, and sanguine of *impresarii*, Mr. E. T. Smith, since, in the teeth of the managerial declarations, and the formidable affirmation of the advertisements and "posters," we cannot prevail upon ourselves to believe that the speculation was absolutely necessary for the advancement of art in the country, nor that the performances were eminently calculated to elevate and refine the public taste. The direct result of the new Drury Lane undertaking, as far as we could make out, was

to render the airs, "Il balen," "Di Provenza," and "Libiamo" in the *Traviata*, popular among whistlers.

That the Musical Festivals in the provinces have received an accession is a great fact. The Leeds meeting will, no doubt, be repeated triennially, and Yorkshire more than ever assert its supremacy as a choral county. But will the wool-staplers, the cloth merchants, and chapmen of the Ridings, with the metallurgists of Birmingham, be permitted to carry off the musical non-cathedral honours of all England? Will the sea princes of Liverpool, and the cotton kings of Manchester, look calmly on and make no sign, or utter no note? Why should Yorkshire and Warwickshire bear away the palm from Lancashire, next to Middlesex (!) the most important "shire" in the kingdom? The huge and magnificent Music Hall in Liverpool seems built purposely for entertainments on a vast scale. Why should it not be converted to that purpose for which it is best adapted? That Manchester—or, to give its British name, Mancunium, that is "a place of tents" (the Romans called it *Mancunium*; it appears also to have been called *Manduesedum, Manduessedum, Manucium*, and *Mancestre*, which, happily, may account for the racing propensities of "Mumcestrians")—has for some time looked with an eye of envy on Birmingham and Bradford for their musical triumphs, we have good reason to believe; but, too much absorbed with betting and politics, it has allowed the feeling gradually to subside. With the principal races of the year unsettled, and while Parliament was sitting, it could hardly be supposed that the members of the Manchester division would bother their brains about so useless a commodity as music; and consequently even the new Festival at Leeds, which has made so great a stir everywhere else, has excited not only no controversy, but no talk at Manchester. The merits of Toxophilite and the Duke of Duty, or Saunterer and Fisherman—the "cracks" of the day—are far more important to the eager booksman than those of Handel, Haydn, or Mendelssohn; and Cobden, Bright and Co., of dearer value to the politician than Mozart, Beethoven, or Rossini. Liverpool and Manchester expend vast sums yearly on race meetings. It may some day occur to them that music is as much an art as horse-racing, or the problems of Government; and, in the lull of politics, and when the last running nag has displayed the last flourish of his tail at the last race of the season, egged on emulatively by the glorious results achieved at Birmingham, Bradford, and Leeds, they may take it into their heads—the town-councils—to get up Festivals of their own, and engage Mr. Costa on the spot. So will both cities, remarkable among municipal towns for high feeling, find another vent for their enthusiasm, more readily turn their attention to mental improvement, learn to be more polite, and with more fervid zeal lift up the banner in the cause of charity.

But reflection bids us "hold," and whispers that we are sailing away without rudder or compass upon the darkest sea of speculation. As the body corporate may be ill of too much health, so may Art by very success threaten its own dissolution. As Leeds has copied Birmingham and Bradford in their great musical displays, it is probable, as we have been discussing, that Liverpool and Manchester may copy Leeds. If the imitation were to rest here, and proceed no farther, advantage might accrue, since, by proper distribution, the non-cathedral festivals might be made to amalgamate with Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester, and three meetings take place annually. But how, if the other cathedral towns of England—Salisbury, Canterbury, Winchester, Bristol,



Lichfield, &c.,—not to mention York, once the sole provincial town in England where a festival was held—instigated by a sudden fit of music and charity in the bishops, with a slight dash of local partiality, might feel inclined to follow the example of the Three Choirs? Would the provinces be able to endure more than three festivals yearly? As the same principal vocalists—principal vocalists are among the rarest artistic commodities—are almost invariably engaged at the Festivals, would they be able to sustain the fatigue of singing day and night for four weeks consecutively? Could the band be spared so long from the metropolis? Would every cathedral town be blessed with a Townsend Smith, an Amott, or a Done, to direct the Committee by the wisdom of his counsel, and guide the orchestra by the potency of his *baton*? Would not the too frequent repetition of the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, *Israel in Egypt*, and the *Creation*, render those immortal masterpieces of sacred song trite and common, and necessitate the performing of inferior works, by no means redounding to the glorification of the art? Three Musical Festivals in the year would be monstrous, but we see no reason why, when they arrive at that number, they should not go beyond. Each county of course would be in a position to defray the expenses of its own meeting, and, rivalry once set agoing, the Knights would be as anxious and zealous about the success of their Shire as though they were engaged in a cricket-match. Moreover, the reporters of the public press would be deprived of their autumnal holidays, and—greatest infliction of all—the readers of the papers be bored to death. It behoves us, therefore—restricting our support to the latest new provincial music meeting, the Leeds Festival—to pause before we advocate the advance of music in the shires. Until first-class vocalists are more numerous, good bands more plentiful, conductors more cunning, bishops more learned in music, and cathedrals in better repair, we do not incline to the belief that any more Festivals are required in the provinces.

✱ GOOD-BYE, till the latter half of next month, Messrs. Robson and Emden. You have gone through your season admirably; you have prospered most deservedly. By opening your house for an extra performance on Saturday last, you have gained a handsome sum for the "Dramatic College," and since your commencement in August, 1857, you have expended about £1,000 on British Dramatists. Wise, generous, and patriotic Emden and Robson; may your holiday be pleasant, for you have earned it right well! Were not the ancient saw, that declares the perpetual tension of the bow unwholesome, deeply impressed on our mind, we should be apt to grudge you your hours of recreation, so pleasant would your labours have been at a time when the closing of the Princess's Theatre deepens the general dullness. But we hate the school boys, who thought their sport cheaply purchased by the sacrifice of the frogs; and you, dear Emden and Robson, are more than frogs—unless, indeed, you are those particular frogs that attempted to become as big as oxen, with this difference, that you did not burst, but attained the desired magnitude.

May you, then, sit by the sparkling sea, unmolested by unwelcome showers, and may the waves that break upon the sands, and the rocks that border your view, fill your minds with pleasant imaginings. We are not unselfish in our prayer, for we hope to reap the benefit of your delightful cogitations. But never mind that, dear Robson and Emden! when your own interest is the same as your friends', the sincerity of the latter is all the more unquestionable.

Let Robson look chiefly at the rocks; and, as in some enchanted island, may they put on fantastic shapes, that will suggest to him every species of human oddity.

The giant-snouted crags—ho! ho!  
How they snort and how they blow.

May they blow hard, and thus inspire our Robson with the quaintest devices. Watch them well, Robson,—fix your eyes upon them till every other object swims into indistinctness, and you find yourself gazing on all manner of vices and mental deformities depicted by nature's reckless lithography. Look till you yourself become equally hideous; for you shall come back to us as a great moral instructor, and preach to us the sermons which stones have preached to you. Do not these rocks grow wonderfully human, Robson,—human even unto the hardness of their hearts? Bring back their teachings, Robson, and we will not betray the secret of your schooling. The audience, who have filled your treasury till the shining metal overflows, just as the shining water drips from yonder fragment, will shout out—"Here is a grand creation!" We shall know that you have plagiarized from the rocks. But we won't tell, Robson,—we won't tell.

Let Emden look more particularly at the waves as they attenuate themselves into transparency, and at the motley sea-weed that so luxuriously decorates the sands. Then shall visions of dainty carpets and well-appointed drawing-rooms rise before his eyes, and he shall say to himself, how well would this fit a drawing-room piece, and fringe the productions of Taylor, of Oxenford, of Simpson. Gay, graceful things those sea-weeds! How little would suffice to transform them to a Brussels manufacture! Fine sparkling things those breaking waves, and that clear expanse of water in the distance! How little would suffice to convert them with costly chandeliers and spacious mirrors!

But mind, that you, both of you, look at the limpets, those humble univalves that stick so tight to the rocks, and do nothing to dazzle, while they do so much to teach. Through all sorts of weather have those limpets remained fixed in their hard beds, and have grown and fattened till they have become large limpets, whereas, at first, they were mere thimbles of shell. They teach you, Oh Emden and Robson! that if you stick well and honestly to your calling, as you have hitherto done, nothing shall shake you from your strong position. Look and learn, Emden and Robson, and you shall be as limpets in all but the dullness.

And look, also, at that defunct star-fish, that is rotting upon the shore, and so assiduously endeavours to call forth Hamlet's exclamation "faugh," by the intensity of its odour. Does it not show you that the star-system is in itself unclean, and only leads to the destruction of the drama. Keep your own company around you as you have hitherto done, Oh Emden and Robson! and as you have hitherto done, you shall prosper.

But whether you adopt our suggestions or not, thoroughly enjoy yourselves, Robson and Emden, and come back refreshed mentally and bodily, about the season of the autumnal equinox.

"I have an exposition of sleep come upon me." These were the words spoken by Bottom the Weaver, when, lulled in the fairy bower of Titania, he grew weary of the society of Messrs. Cobweb, Mustard-seed, and Pea-blossom.

"I have an exposition of sleep come upon me" were the last words of Mr. John Pittt Harley, the famed representa-

tive of Shakspeare's Weaver, when weary of a long life passed in amusing his fellow-countrymen, he sank on Friday, the 20th instant, into a slumber from which he was destined never more to wake.

Who shall write the biography of Harley? Happy the nation that has no history—happy the actor who has not gone through vicissitudes sufficient to furnish material to the biographer. In 1815 Mr. Harley made his *début* in London, and at once became a leading comedian. Since that time he has remained before the public, an evergreen of marvellous viridity, always good-humoured, always perfect in his part, always delighted with the duties of the evening, always delighting his audience by the zeal and ability with which he performed them. Like all the magnates of the old school he looked upon acting as an art worthy of sedulous and perpetual cultivation, and if his colouring was sometimes a little overdone, matchless was the care with which the hues were distributed. Like few artists of any school, he retained his vigor to the end, and so completely identified was he with his profession that the last continuous words he uttered were spoken in the character of Launcelot Gobbo. With the performance of that part on the stage of the Princess's theatre, closed his life natural and professional. How can we say anything new of a man, who, it may be said, has lived and died with the eyes of the public fixed upon him.

The old reflection. How are all the links falling away that bind this generation to the one preceding. And again, no one to supply the gap!

#### THE PHILHARMONIC DIRECTORS FOR 1858-9.

G. F. Anderson, Esq.  
F. B. Jewson, Esq.  
J. Clinton, Esq.  
Joseph Calkin, Esq.  
H. J. Griesbach, Esq.  
(To be continued).

**THE DRAMATIC COLLEGE.**—It is gratifying to hear of the prosperous progress that is already being made by this meritorious scheme. Its originators are laying their shoulders to the wheel with manly energy. Messrs. C. Kean and J. J. Sainton have each promised houses. Mr. Webster gives stone to face the hall and houses, and also stone for the schools. The Olympic, Surrey, City of London, and Adelphi Theatres give benefits. In the short time that has elapsed since the scheme was brought before the public, the donations in houses, lands, and subscriptions amount in value to £4,330, and the annual contributions to £216. The most distinguished Italian singers have contributed liberally. The titled ladies who in early life graced the boards have generously remembered the profession which they once adorned. Amateurs of the drama have announced their intention to present—one a clock, another a cup of comfort for the inmates of the institution, and so forth; and, crowning grace of all, Her Majesty, with discriminating judgment, had caused to be intimated that as soon as the plans have acquired a substantive character, its promoters might apply for Her Majesty's patronage, which has just been, indeed, conferred, with a donation of £100. Under the active and intelligent guidance of the gentlemen who at present stand at the head of our London dramatic establishments there cannot be a doubt of success.

**ST. MARTIN'S HALL.**—The dull portion of the London season is being employed by the proprietor of this establishment. Painters, decorators, and carpenters are now busy in the interior, clearing away the gloom previously prevalent by the application of bright colours to the roofs and walls, securing the comfort of the audience by the introduction of comfortable seats, the formation of safe and easy entrances, the erection of a refreshment room, and giving satisfaction to concert-givers and musical societies by the erection of a new orchestra.

#### THE HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From Our own Correspondent.)

HEREFORD, MONDAY, August 23rd, 1858.

It is very fortunate for us poor critics of the "fourth estate," that music—by which, of course, I mean good music—never palls on those who thoroughly appreciate it. However often we may hear the compositions of such great writers as Mozart, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and a host of others, we always find fresh beauties to admire; new points, which, to our astonishment, we never observed before, are continually welling up, and the real lover of the art continues to revel in fresh enjoyment—

"As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on."

This, as I have already remarked, is fortunate. Scarcely has the last strain of the last concert of a tolerably active London season died away, before "your own correspondent" is called upon to pack up his carpet-bag and whirl off to some distant part of the country for the purpose of chronicling grand musical doings there. On this occasion, Hereford is the *locale* where I found myself on Sunday evening, under the hospitable roof of an old and valued friend, who had kindly offered me his hospitality, an offer which I thankfully accepted, as, according to all reports, there was likely to be a scarcity of lodgings. A large influx of visitors is confidently expected, the various railway companies having provided ample means of conveyance to and from all the neighbouring districts.

I shall not stop to give a list of the singers, instrumentalists, or conductors, as such a list has already appeared in the *Musical World*. Let those of your readers who have not already perused it, turn to the number of the 7th August. Should they not possess it, let them borrow it from some of their acquaintances, or, still better, purchase it outright.

I suppose that most of your subscribers know all about the antecedents of this Festival. As, however, there may be some few whose estate is not so gracious, I will briefly inform them that this is the 135th anniversary of the Festivals of the Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, held alternately at one of those cathedral cities.

These celebrations commenced in a very humble manner, but, in course of time, have attained their present importance, which, considerable though it be, is hardly commensurate with the object in view, namely: that of contributing to the diffusion of a taste for sterling music, and to the support of the Clergymen's Widows' and Orphans' Charity of the three dioceses. I am sorry to say that this laudable object does not meet with the support it deserves. It was for a long time a matter of doubt whether there would be any Festival here this year at all, but, in the end, a number of public-spirited gentlemen came forward as stewards, and undertook all the pecuniary responsibility, thus settling the matter in a satisfactory way. The following is a list of them: The Hon. and Rev. G. Herbert, the Right Hon. Sir G. C. Lewis, Bart., M.P., the Hon. and Rev. A. Hanbury, Sir Baldwin Leighton, Bart., Sir W. Curtis, Bart., the Mayor of Hereford, Mr. G. Clive, M.P., the Ven. Archdeacon Waring, Mr. S. Allaway, Mr. J. H. Arkwright, Mr. R. Barton, the Rev. H. Blissett, Rev. J. Bullock, Mr. T. Dunne, Mr. E. Griffiths, Mr. J. Herbert, Mr. W. Herrick, Rev. J. Hopton, Rev. T. King, Mr. R. A. Boughton Knight, Rev. O. Ormerod, Mr. R. Peyton, Rev. T. Powell, Rev. Dr. Sier, and Rev. Berkeley Stanhope.

The Lord-Lieutenant of the county is the president, and the bishops of the three dioceses are the vice-presidents. The Queen and the Prince Consort are the patrons. Having premised thus much, I shall now lay down my pen, and enjoy my *otium cum a segar* or so—may be more—and the conversation of my worthy host, until to-morrow, when I shall gird up my loins and plunge at once *in medias res*, and any others worthy of note.

Since writing the above, I have heard that some of the railway arrangements are likely to be frustrated. A considerable earthslip occurred yesterday afternoon, at a place near Fawley, on the Ross and Hereford line. Whether this will be remedied

in time for the trains advertised to run to-morrow is still a matter of doubt.

TUESDAY, August 24th.

The weather to-day was most favourable, and the number of visitors considerable. The rank and beauty of the surrounding parts mustered strongly. The ladies were very resplendent, and remarkable for the exuberance of *crinoline* in which they were enveloped. The observation may, perhaps, be irrelevant in a notice of matters musical, but I cannot help mentioning the fact that, in whatever part of the United Kingdom I have been lately, the country lady—I refer to the country lady *pur sang*, be it understood, who constantly resides amid the vales and nodding groves of her native province—and not the London belle, who merely visits the family manor-house to recruit her strength after the fatigues of the last season in town, and gather fresh energy for those of the next—I say, that the country lady always strikes me as having a tendency to exaggerate still more the already exaggerated eccentricities of her metropolitan sister. It has been my fortune to sit in a pew with *crinolined* fair ones in a fashionable Belgravian place of worship, and to occupy with a lovely young girl attired in the fashionable material a portion—a necessarily very small portion, nay, an infinitesimal portion—of the front seat of the family carriage, with “Mamma” and “Aunt Fanny,” who also sacrificed at the shrine of voluminousness in the way of *jupons*, opposite me. I am, therefore, entitled to give an opinion with some degree of authority on the matter, and I solemnly declare that *crinoline* has attained far greater proportions in the provinces than in London itself. I might, perhaps, account for this on irrefutable and very profound psychological grounds, but I shall do no such thing; in the first place because the want of room forbids, and, in the second, because I may send my ideas on the subject to *Le Follet*, *La Mode* or some other journal of that class, where they would be more likely to meet with appreciation than in the *Musical World*. *Ainsi, revenons à nos moutons aussi vite que possible.*

As I have already said, the weather was very fine. The festival commenced with a full cathedral service, numerous attended, more than 600 persons being present. The musical part of the proceedings was, with a few exceptions, very satisfactory, and great credit is due to Mr. Townshend Smith for the manner in which he exerted himself on the occasion. Spohr's overture to the *Last Judgment*, Tallis's *Preces* and Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*, were given exceeding well, and the choruses were quite up to the mark. In Mr. Townshend Smith's own *Jubilate*, a very meritorious work, Messrs. M. Smith, Weiss, Mad. Weiss, and Miss Lascelles acquitted themselves in a manner which gave universal satisfaction. The anthem—a solo and chorus, “Blessing, honour, glory,” from Dr. Spohr's oratorio above mentioned—after the third collect, was well chosen, the solo being excellently rendered by Mr. M. Smith. Mendelssohn's setting of the Psalm, “As the hart pants,” a composition of great promise, afterwards so gloriously fulfilled by the composer in his later works, preceded the sermon.

The latter was preached by the Venerable Archdeacon Waring, who, in an eloquent and impressive manner—all the more effective because the reasons adduced must have struck every man of sense as incontrovertible—dwelt on the great benefits arising from the cultivation and diffusion of sacred music, tending so much as it does to a pious elevation of the mind. The venerable churchman, while treating of this part of his subject, alluded to the soothing effect produced on Saul by the strains of David's harp. He then proceeded to advert to the duty incumbent on every true Christian of relieving the orphan and the widow, and thence, by a natural transition, passed to a consideration of one of the great objects of these Festivals, namely, that of aiding the distressed families of deceased clergymen of the three dioceses. He was listened to with the greatest attention, and the collection, afterwards made at the doors, amounted to £119 9s. 8d., being a good deal less than the amount collected at the festival in 1855, although the attendance at the Cathedral was then not nearly so numerous as on the present occasion. After the sermon, we had Sir F. A. G. Ouseley's anthem: “The Lord is the true God.”

The whole proceedings were creditable to all concerned, among whom we must not forget to mention more especially, in addition to the ladies and gentlemen already named, Mrs. Clare Hepworth, Messrs. Thomas and Barnaby.

The first miscellaneous concert took place in the Shire Hall. It commenced with Mozart's *Jupiter* symphony. The deep attention and evident delight with which the audience listened to this magnificent creation of the immortal Wolfgang Amadeus would, I should say, have rather surprised certain musical—or so-called musical—critics on the other side the Straits of Dover. The manner in which the symphony was received had its natural effect; every individual member of the band felt, as it were, inspired, and threw his whole soul into his task, the result being a perfect triumph. The symphony was followed by a selection from *La Clemenza di Tito*, including the duet, “Ah, perdona,” the grand airs, “Parto,” “Deh per questo,” and “Non piu di fiori;” the tenor song and chorus, “Ah, grazie si rendono,” and the finale, “Tu e ver”—in fact, the selection comprehended the gems of the opera, and was well rendered by Mesdames Viardot Garcia, Weiss, Novello, the Misses Lascelles, Louisa Vinning, Messrs. M. Smith, Weiss, and Sims Reeves. The clarinet accompaniments to “Ah, perdona,” and “Non piu di fiori,” were entrusted to Mr. Lazarus, who proved well worthy of the confidence reposed in him. His performance was marked by exquisite delicacy and expression, rendered most artistically subservient to the intentions of the great *maestro*. After Mozart, we had—Verdi, to cause us to relish still more, if possible, than we had done, the inimitable beauties of the former. Miss Louisa Vinning was encored in the *cavatina* from *La Traviata*, a compliment, however, that she merely acknowledged with a very graceful bow or two. Mr. Weiss sang a new ballad, of his own composition, “We were boys together,” accompanying it, also, himself, while, reserved for a *bonne bouche*, at the termination of the first part, Mr. Sims Reeves gave (with chorus) Purcell's “Come, if you dare,” with immense energy, applauded as energetically by the audience.

The following was the programme to the second part:—Overture to *Guillaume Tell*—Rossini; Ballad—L. Williams; Romanza, from *Zemira e Azor*—Spohr; “El Vestido Azul,” duet—Iradier; “Oh, say not woman's heart is bought”—Whitaker; “Home, sweet home”—Bishop; Duet from *Il Campanello*—Donizetti; “Phoebe, dearest”—Hatton; “Brunette” and “Margoton;” and the “Pregliera” from *Mosè*—Rossini. It would require more space than the *Musical World* would, probably, grant me, and would, moreover, be a superfluous task to give a detailed criticism of the manner in which every individual piece in this list was executed. Suffice it to say that the whole went off very smoothly, and that the various artists, not forgetting the band, exerted themselves very successfully and were deservedly applauded. I cannot, however, regard the selection as perfect. I may, perhaps, be deficient in appreciative power, but, for the life of me, I am unable to discover the beauty of “Adèle,” or “Oh, say not woman's heart, etc.” Surely, something might have been found more worthy of performance than these insipid namby-pamby productions.

I may mention that Mad. Viardot Garcia accompanied on the piano herself and Mad. Clara Novello in the Spanish duet, most charmingly rendered by both ladies.

The attendance was not so good as could have been desired, not 250 persons being present. This is in part attributable to the highness of the prices of admission. When will the managers of public celebrations of this description, as well, in fact, as of those of every other, take a leaf out of Mr. Rowland Hill's book? We all know how immense has been the increase in the number of letters posted and in the revenue of St. Martin's-le-Grand, since the penny rate of postage has been adopted. Reduce the prices of admission to suit the pockets of the great masses who would fain attend these Festivals, if not prevented by the expense, and the result would prove, if Cocker is to be trusted, that twenty or thirty persons paying three or four shillings each for their places would be more remunerative than two or three paying ten shillings each. That great numbers who now never attend these Festivals would visit them, were such a change once



adopted, must be self-apparent to everyone, aware how much the taste for good music has spread of late years, and how eager people are to satisfy that taste, provided only the gratification of it is placed within their means. Another cause of the scanty attendance was, perhaps, the accident, to which I have already alluded to, on the railway, and which probably deterred many, who would otherwise have been present, from coming over. But a third and more fruitful source of this lukewarmness on the part of the public, is, I am sorry to say, an apathy, or rather a decided opposition, to the Festival exhibited by some of the church dignitaries. These gentlemen have, of course, a perfect right to their opinions, and, if they suppose the Festivals wrong, only act conscientiously in setting their faces against them. But, while we concede to them the right of private judgment, it is but fair others also should assert their claim to it; and I, for one, must take the liberty of judging for myself, as well as the best dean that ever edited Horace, Tibullus, or any other equally interesting, but, at times, somewhat loose classical author. That the bigoted and uncultivated puritan of Cromwell's time should, like their brethren who sit under the Rev. Mr. Howler, or any other popular preacher of the methodist persuasion of the present day, object to music is, perhaps, explicable from the fact of their not possessing minds sufficiently polished to appreciate it, for prejudice is the offspring of ignorance; but that gentlemen and scholars should entertain similar opinions antagonistic to one of the most inspiring, elevating and pleasing of all arts, is an enigma which I am not (Edipus enough to solve. It might have been supposed that in the year 1858, the year of the Atlantic telegraph, intolerance like this would have ceased to exist. But such is not the fact. Truth is, indeed, very often stranger than fiction.

#### WEDNESDAY, August 25th.

According to promise, *Elijah* was the oratorio performed in the Cathedral this morning, and, if classical music of the highest class, combined with magnificent artistic execution, has the power of producing the slightest impression on men's minds, this magnificent creation of the great German master, and the efforts of those who interpreted him, will not soon be forgotten by "the few, the happy few," comparatively speaking, who were present to enjoy this highly intellectual and soul-elevating treat. The singers, one and all, more than sustained their previous reputation. Madame Clara Novello almost surpassed herself, and that is saying a great deal, in the air, "Hear ye, Israel;" and Madame Viardot, not to be behind her fair and accomplished colleague (if I may use the term), gave the recitatives of Jezabel with more than her accustomed fire. Mr. Weiss was worthy of the honour of appearing with these finished vocalists, while Mr. Sims Reeves quite realised all the expectations that had been formed of him. His delivery of the air, "If, with all your hearts, you truly love me," and of the recitatives allotted to him, was truly splendid. The following pieces were redemanded by the Bishop—who, luckily, is not one of the Praise-God-Barebones school; "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," Mad. Weiss, Miss Lascelles, Messrs. M. Smith and Thomas; the trio, "Lift thine eyes," Mad. Clara Novello, Mrs. Clara Hepworth, and Mad. Viardot; the air, "Rest on the Lord," Mad. Viardot; the air, "Then shall the righteous," Mr. Sims Reeves; and the quartet, "O, come, every one that thirsteth," Mad. Viardot, Miss Louisa Vinning, Messrs. Thomas and M. Smith. The concluding chorus, "Lord our Creator," was finely given, and was a worthy finish to a most spirited and correct performance. We had, it is true, a few shortcomings, but they were, comparatively speaking not very bad, and, though they certainly ought not to have existed, may be pardoned by a not too severe critic, in consideration of the excellence of the *tout-ensemble*. The collection at the doors amounted to £181.

I may as well be frank—the second miscellaneous concert—recalled forcibly to my mind the old proverb about "casting pearls before swine." This is strong, but unfortunately, sometimes justified by fact. I may be wrong, but, with

all due respect, I cannot help thinking it applies to some at least of the audience who have just left the Shire Hall, and who appeared as inanimate as the portraits of George III, the Duke of Norfolk, and Sir John Geers Cotterell, a county worthy, which adorn the walls of the building in which they were assembled. They were as immovable as the Leviathan herself once was. What they came for I cannot say, unless for the express purpose of refuting Congreve's, and not as commonly supposed, Shakspeare's words—

"Music hath charms,"

Music appeared to have no charms for them, for they remained as cold as charity, or a Siberian winter. And yet the programme was excellent, as our readers will perceive.

Overture (Oberon)—Weber. Aria, "Che farò" (Orfeo), Miss Lascelles—Gluck. Scena, "Infelice," Madame Clara Novello—Mendelssohn. Trio, "O memory," Madame Weiss, Miss Lascelles, and Mr. Sims Reeves—Henry Leslie. New Song, "Athol Woods," Mr. Thomas—G. A. Macfarren. Recit. e aria, "Non più mesta," Madame Viardot—Rossini. Glee, "The Fisherman's Good night," Mrs. Clara Hepworth, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Thomas—Sir H. R. Bishop. Trio (Falstaff), Madame Clara Novello, Miss Louisa Vinning, and Madame Viardot—Balfé.

The artists, too, exerted themselves to the utmost.

The second part opened with Hérold's overture to *Zampa*, followed by one or two ballads, a selection from *Lucrezia Borgia*, "Where the bee sucks," a duet from *Il Trovatore*, and Meyerbeer's "Coronation March." The only occasion on which the audience seemed to awake from their lethargy was when they so far forgot they were not blocks and stones as to encore Mrs. Clara Hepworth, Madame. Viardot, and Miss Louisa Vinning; the first-named lady in the ballads, the second in "Il Segreto" from *Lucrezia*, and the third in "Where the bee sucks."

The concert was succeeded by a ball, which went off as most balls generally do.

#### THURSDAY, August 26th.

The performances at the cathedral this morning consisted of a selection from Mendelssohn's *Athaliah*; Rossini's *Stabat Mater*; and the first and second parts of Haydn's *Creation*. Mesdames Clara Hepworth, Weiss, Clara Novello, and Miss Lascelles, were the ladies entrusted with the task of "interpreting" Mendelssohn's music on this occasion. The duet, "Ever blessed child," (Mesdames Clara Novello and Weiss), and the trio, "Hearts feel that love thee," (Mesdames Clara Novello, Weiss, and Miss Lascelles), were repeated. The solos in the *Stabat Mater* were well supported by Mesdames Clara Novello, Viardot, Weiss, Miss Lascelles, Messrs. Sims Reeves, M. Smith, Weiss, and Thomas, although, on the whole, the execution of this composition was not quite up to the mark. Nothing, however, could have been better than the way in which the *Creation* was given. There was not a single hitch, and everything went as smooth as marriage bell.

Again was there a deficiency in the collection at the doors, compared with the contributions at the last Festival, although the attendance was better than it was yesterday.

The last miscellaneous concert takes place this evening in the Shire Hall. To-morrow, we have the *Messiah*, and a grand dress ball to wind up the proceedings.

"Time and the post wait for no man," and, therefore, I must now send off my letter, otherwise I might indulge, at some length, in reflections on the unsatisfactory results of as much of this Festival as is now a matter of the past. I must content myself, however, by saying that I pity the distinguished artists whose great talents have been almost thrown away, and that I pity still more the inhabitants of the three dioceses. Poor things!

M. JULES BENEDICT has left London, and passed through Paris last week, en route for Stuttgart, where his family reside. M. Benedict will return to London in October.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY, who proved so excellent an acting-manager of the operatic *troupe* at the Lyceum last year, has been retained, in the same capacity, by Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison for their approaching season at Drury Lane.

## M. VENUA'S FAREWELL CONCERTS AT READING.

(From a Correspondent).

"Who is M. Venua?" some of your readers, no doubt, will be inclined to ask—your juvenile readers, whose memories carry them back no farther than two or three lustres. I will tell those youngsters who he is, and why so great a stir and fuss was made about his two concerts given at Reading, on Monday, the 16th instant.

Frederick M. A. Venua was born in Paris, and was educated at the Conservatoire. He was a pupil of the celebrated Baillot. He came to England at the age of fifteen, in 1802, at the peace of Amiens, and was engaged at the King's Theatre as *répétiteur* for the ballet. While in that situation he composed some *divertissements*, and wrote music for most of the ballets produced by D'Egville, Rolli, Vestris, Didelot, &c. M. Venua was subsequently appointed leader of the ballet, which he held for three years. During this period, some of the dancing compositions of M. Venua obtained great repute, and his name was familiar to all the patrons of the ball-room. Among other ballets he composed the music to *Flore et Zephyr*—famous in its day—and *Le Prince Troubadour*. In 1813 M. Venua relinquished his post at the Opera and went to live at Reading, in which town he has resided ever since. But in giving up his place at the King's Theatre, he did not resign his occupation as a musician, but devoted himself to teaching, and soon achieved an honourable standing and a comfortable livelihood. M. Venua, moreover, established an Amateur Musical Society at Reading, which, considering the somewhat anti-musical tendencies of the place, was a great feat. To assure your readers of this fact, I will relate an anecdote which occurred shortly after M. Venua's coming to Reading, and of the truth of which there can be no doubt. M. Venua happened to meet one of the resident professors of music, and in the course of conversation proposed that they should make up a quartet party, suggesting that they should commence operations with a quartet by Mozart. "Bless me!" exclaimed the professor, "I did not think Mozart had written any works of the kind."

After residing nearly forty-six years at Reading, Mr. Venua has thought proper to lay down his fiddle and his ferule, but before doing so he was determined to call his friends round him and give them two final entertainments before they parted for ever. M. Venua had strongly recommended himself to the town-people and the aristocracy of Berkshire by the admirable concerts he gave occasionally, having introduced to the Reading audiences Rubini, Grisi, Sontag, Persiani, Stockhausen, Mario, Lablache, and other eminent artists of the day.

The "Farewell Concerts" were given under the immediate patronage of H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, the Marquis and Marchioness of Downshire, Lord and Lady Camoys, His Excellency Monsieur and Madame Van de Weyer, and a very host of lady patronesses gathered from the shire of Berks—not forgetting the Mayor and dignitaries of Reading. The "concerts" were a morning and an evening. The list of performers comprised Madlle. Victoire Balfe, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. F. R. Venua—son of the *bénéficiaire*—and Signor Belletti, vocalists; and Herr Wilhelm Kühe (pianist), and Mr. Venua (violin), instrumentalists. Mr. Balfe conducted.

I shall not say much of the performances. Madlle. Balfe made her first appearance at Reading, and charmed everybody by the grace and ease of her style, the purity of her sentiment, and the brilliancy of her execution. Madlle. Balfe created a decided sensation in her first essay, a cavatina from her sire's opera, *Il Pittore e Duca*, but made a *furor* in the "Last Rose of Summer," which she was compelled to repeat. At the evening concert Madlle. Balfe was encored in Pacini's "Il soave bel contento"—one of Rubini's and Pasta's battle-horses, as the saying is—which she sang with great brilliancy and energy. Mr. Sims Reeves was of course encored in everything. To praise him is superfluous. He is certainly singing this year more splendidly than ever. Mr. F. R. Venua made a most favourable impression. He has a barytone voice of excellent quality, and knows how to make good use of it, thanks to his master, Mr. Balfe, under whom he has been studying some time. Among his perform-

ances at both concerts, his singing of the air, "Hark, the clarion sounding," was perhaps that which displayed his voice and capabilities to most advantage. The audience must have thought so at any rate, since they redemanded the song with loud applause. Of such accomplished singers as Miss Dolby and Signor Belletti, I am not called upon, especially in so longitinous an article, to offer a word of comment.

At each concert Mr. Venua joined Herr Kühe in the performance of a grand sonata, by Beethoven, for pianoforte and violin. At the first, op. 24 was executed, and at the last, op. 12. Both pieces were excellently played, and received with distinguished favour.

Nothing could be more gratifying to Mr. Venua than the feeling displayed by the audience on both occasions. The sadness of the leave-taking must have been greatly mitigated by the warmth of the reception.

## THEATRICAL MARRIAGES.

(From *The Era*.)

WE last week reported the marriage of a young, clever, and most promising actress, Miss Louise Mary Keeley, with M. S. Williams, Esq. We now, with pleasure, add the following to the "Happy List":—

Miss Harriett Gordon, the popular actress and vocalist, was married on Wednesday, the 11th instant, at Bloomsbury Church, to James Dombrian Weiss, Esq., lieutenant in Her Majesty's service, and son of the late Lieutenant J. Weiss, R.N.

Mr. J. F. Verrall, lessee and clerk of the course at Lewes, is to be united this morning (August 21st), at St. Pancras Church, to Miss Kerridge, sister-in-law to Mr. Cathcart, of the Princess's Theatre.

Another interesting union will shortly take place. We are informed, from the best authority, that Mr. Albert Smith, immediately on his return to England, will be married to Miss Mary Keeley, the deservedly-favourite little actress, of the Adelphi Theatre.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS IN DUBLIN.—This distinguished author has made his first appearance in Dublin, in the Round Room of the Rotunda, and has been received by the Irish public with every demonstration of enthusiasm. The following remarks are extracted from *Saunders's News-letter*:—

"Upon making his appearance on the platform, Mr. Dickens experienced a reception which is rarely accorded elsewhere than in Ireland, and even here but to very prime favourites, meriting almost the name of 'a demonstration.' The applause, which from the first was most cordial, quickly swelled into a succession of hearty cheers, again and again repeated. This ebullition, which must, doubtless, have struck the lecturer as 'intensely Irish,' appeared at first to take him by surprise, but of its complimentary intention there could be no doubt whatever, and when silence was restored, he said—'Ladies and gentlemen, let the first words I have spoken on Irish soil be those of gratitude for your generous welcome—I return you thanks with all my heart.' Mr. Dickens possesses naturally a good voice, marked at intervals with a slight provincial accent; and to an easy manner he has apparently added the careful study of tone and gesture so essential to an actor in every sphere. In parts, moreover, where such a course is sanctioned by the sense of the passage, his delivery is rendered additionally pleasing by the fact of his addressing his hearers across the table, merely as if relating an agreeable after-dinner anecdote. On a point of such general interest it may be permissible to state, that in person Mr. Dickens is what may be called a fine-looking man; but the traces of literary toil are visible upon his countenance, and are rendered somewhat prominently apparent by his peculiar method of wearing his beard. Flexibility of face, however, is not the less one of his principal characteristics, and adding itself with remarkable effect to his vocal powers, is of incalculable assistance in his more dramatic passages. At the close as well as at the commencement of the reading, Mr. Dickens was most warmly applauded by the audience."

**BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.**—The second grand concert for the season given by the Philharmonic Concert Society came off last night. To say that it was an overflowing room and that all were delighted, it is only necessary to say Arabella Goddard played two pieces, that Servais revelled on the violoncello, and M. Faure, from the Paris theatres, was the singer of the evening. The delight experienced by all on hearing Miss Goddard's sweet music, at the Établissement des Bains, was quickly circulated next day through the town, and deep was the regret of all at not having heard her. The Philharmonic Society, with their usual tact, determined to gratify them, and last night's bumper was the result. What young lady who ever touched a piano would be absent when the queen of that instrument presided at it? Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor was played in a masterly style, but it was in the fantasia on "Robin Adair" where the brilliancy of execution was displayed—it seemed to entrance the audience who listened to it with earnest attention, and showered down bouquets at its close. The superb playing of M. Servais elicited thunders of applause in the magnificent caprice on d'Estoch, and never had we a concert better attended or more worthy of attraction than that of last evening.—*Boulogne Gazette*, 25 Aug.

**PARIS.**—Some of the Parisian journals appear surprised at the earnestness with which the London critics treat the alterations in the music of *Don Giovanni*, as performed at Covent Garden Theatre. It is not unlikely that Mario may try the experiment at the "Italiens." In the absence of any musical news the attention of the public is directed to the promotions of sundry musical and literary notorieties. The *Moniteur* announces that M. F. Halévy, the composer of *L'Eclair*, *La Reine de Chypre*, *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, *Le Val d'Andorre*, *La Juive* and *La Magicienne*, a member of the Institute, has been raised to the rank of Commander in the Imperial Order of the Legion of Honour; and that MM. Ambroise Thomas, Théophile Gautier, and Arsène Houssaye, have been appointed officers in the same order. M. Arsène Houssaye, late director of the Théâtre Français, is now Inspector-General of the Fine Arts. M. Théodore Barrière, the dramatic author, and M. Rappetti, one of the *redacteurs* of the *Moniteur*, have been appointed to the rank of Chevaliers.—On Sunday last, gratuitous representations were given at the principal theatres, on the occasion of the Emperor's Fête, or festival-day, the 15th of August. The *Favorita* was performed at the Grand Opéra, and *Fra Diavolo* and *Les Méprises par Ressemblance* at the Opéra-Comique.—The new opéra, *Le Dernier Jour d'Herculanum*, by MM. Méry and Félicien David, is in active preparation at the Académie-Imperial. The principal characters have been entrusted to MM. Roger, Bonnehée, Obin, Mesdames Borghi-Mamo and Gueymard. Mlle. de Meric, the contralto (formerly of the Royal Italian Opera), is engaged, and will make her *début* as Azucena in the *Trouvère*.—The receipts of the different theatres, concerts, balls, and café concerts at Paris, for the month of July, realised the sum of 718,911f. 25c.

**DEATH OF MR. F. E. BACHE.**—It is our duty to-day to record the death of a young townsman of great musical promise. So late as Saturday last we briefly glanced at some of the later compositions of Mr. Bache; at that moment he was hastening to eternity, and yesterday his career was cut short by death. It is known to most of our readers that Mr. Bache, who was the son of the Rev. S. Bache of this town, and had only reached his twenty-fourth year, had been gradually declining in health for some time, and at least for the last two years his life was preserved mainly by his residence in Algiers and Italy. Last winter he proceeded to Torquay, but did not derive the benefit he expected there; and he returned in the early summer, hoping, as he said, to live till another spring came round. The hearts of all who loved him—and all who knew him loved him—must have been saddened to see the poor weak frame that bore about a mind alike noble and gifted, and manful in its resignation. A few weeks ago, as our readers are aware, Mr. Bache gave a concert, almost exclusively constituted of his own compositions. He was there unable to perform, as announced, and we doubt if

the excitement of being present did not hasten the inevitable event. In a hurried notice like this, and in the immediate presence of a bereavement, the sadder because of the hopes that die with his death, we shall not attempt either an estimate of his genius, or a record of his brief life—that duty we defer to another day.—*Birmingham Daily Post*, Aug. 25.

### "OLD HUNDRED."

(From *Dwight's Journal of Music*.)

In a rustic old church opposite, while we write, a company of worshippers are singing the old, old hymn, "Be thou, O God, exalted high." The air is old, also; the immortal "Old Hundred."

If it be true that Luther composed that tune, and if the worship of immortals is carried on the wings of angels to heaven, how often has he heard the declaration: "They are singing 'Old Hundred' now."

The solemn strain carries us back to the time of the Reformers—Luther and his devoted band. He, doubtless, was the first to strike the grand old chords in the public sanctuary of his own Germany. From his own stentorian lungs they rolled, vibrating not through vaulted cathedral roof, but along a grander arch, the eternal heavens. He wrought into each note his own sublime faith, and stamped it with that faith's immortality. Hence it cannot die! Neither men nor angels will let it pass into oblivion.

Can you find a tomb in the land where sealed lips lay that have not sung that tune? If they were grey, old men, they had heard or sung "Old Hundred." If they were babes, they smiled as their mothers rocked them to sleep singing the "Old Hundred." Sinner and saint have joined with the endless congregation, where it has, with and without the pealing organ, sounded on sacred air. The dear little children looking with wondering eyes on this strange world, have lisped it. The sweet young girl whose tombstone told of sixteen summers, she whose pure and innocent face haunted you with its mild beauty, loved "Old Hundred," and as she sang it, closed her eyes, and seemed communing with the angels who were so soon to claim her. He whose manhood was devoted to the service of his God, and who with faltering steps ascended the pulpit stairs with white hand placed over his labouring breast, loved "Old Hundred." And though sometimes his lips only moved, away down in his heart, so soon to cease its throbs, the holy melody was sounding. The dear white-headed father, with his tremulous voice! how he loved "Old Hundred." Do you see him now, sitting in the venerable arm-chair, his arms crossed over the top of his cane, his silvery locks floating off from his hollow temples, and a tear, perchance, stealing down his furrowed cheeks, as the noble strains ring out? Do you hear that thin, quivering, faltering sound, now bursting forth, now listened for, almost in vain? If you do not, we do; and from such lips, hallowed by fourscore years in the Master's cause, "Old Hundred" sounds indeed a sacred melody.

You may fill your churches with choirs, with Sabbath *prima donnas*, whose daring notes emulate the steeple, and cost almost as much, but give us the spirit-stirring tones of the Lutheran hymn, sung by young and old altogether. Martyrs have hallowed it; it has gone up from the dying beds of the saints. The old churches, where generation after generation has worshipped, and where many scores of the dear dead have been carried, and laid before the altar where they gave themselves to God, seem to breathe of "Old Hundred" from vestibule to tower top—the very air is haunted with its spirit.

Think, for a moment, of the assembled company who have, at different times and in different places, joined in the familiar tune! Throng upon throng—the stern, the timid, the gentle, the brave, the beautiful, their rapt faces all beaming with the inspiration of the heavenly sounds!

"Old Hundred!" king of the sacred band of ancient airs. Never shall our ears grow weary of hearing, or our tongues of singing thee! And when we get to heaven, who knows but what the first triumphal strain that welcomes us may be—

"Be thou, O God, exalted high."



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